
Title: Journal of the King of the White Dragon

Author:

On the twelfth day
before the Solstice
Festival: Shamino,
traitor, I will destroy
thee as thou didst
destroy my beloved
daughter, Beatrix.
Shamino, cursed be thy
name, I befriended thee
and thou didst betray me.
I asked my people to
help thee erect thy
castle and betrayal is
thine only response to
them. Traitor!

On the Eleventh Day
before the Sostice
Festival: Despair hath
been the daily lot of my
poor Beatrix. Now, I
myself have my share of
worries. I am surrounded
by traitors and goblins
are closing in on the
castle. Shamino, doomed
be thy name, I King of
the White Dragon, want
to hang, draw, and
quarter thee. My poor
Beatrix was so joyful
when thou didst request
her hand from me. I
agreed happily to such a
union. My beloved
daughter left me in order
to live in thy new castle.
By that time thou hadst
already been touched by
the obsession to foil
Mondain from his
conquest of the world.
Thou didst leave on thy
journey to seek the
advice of Lord British,
from hence never to
return. The long-awaited
wedding was never to be.

My lovely child, my
Beatrix, remained unwed
waiting for her love to
return. She loved thee
and had faith in thee,
Shamino, cursed be thy
offspring.

On the Tenth Day
before the Solstice
Festival: Those goblins, I
see those malformed
goblins coming for us.

They are destroying
our wealth and our
lives as Shamino,
cursed be his name
and his lineage,
destroyed my Beatrix's
health and life. She died
forlorn. Thy treacherous
heart led Beatrix to a
lonely grave.

On the Ninth Day before
the Solstice Festival: The
kingdom is plagued by
hordes of goblins that
grow more fierce and
daring with each passing
season. I am surrounded
by traitors and should
not trust anyone. What
to do? Beatrix, thine
adorable light no longer
shines upon me. How
solitary thou must be in
thy cold bed. This year
I will hold the grandest
Solstice Festival ever.
Thou will love it.
'Tis especially
dedicated to thee, my
right well beloved.

On the Eighth Day
before the Solstice
Festival: Those
magic-warped goblins
are everywhere and
they are persistent.
They must be led by
that villainous
Shamino. A man who
doth not keep his
word is less than a
man. How couldst
thou trust him

Beatrix.

On the Seventh Day
before the Solstice
Festival: Shamino
the deceitful and his
allies are waiting in
the dark passages of
this castle to ambush
me. I know it. I
saw them in my
dream last night.
They will not succeed.
They cannot succeed
for I have a plan to
save my people from
traitors and ravaging
goblins. Beatrix, I
will let thee know
about this idea of
mine, thou wilt be
delighted...

On the Sixth Day
before the Solstice
Festival: My dearest
beloved one, how thou
must long for company
in thy misery. This
bacchanal will bring
thee all of thy
friends and our people.
That villainous
Shamino will have the
fate he doth deserve.

On the Third Day
before the Solstice
Festival: I am
looking forward to
seeing thy Solstice
Festival, yes, this
season is thy
Festival. I planned it
for thee. And, indeed,
for all of us.
Traitors and deceivers
alike are in for a
surprise. All of my
subjects and myself
-- we will not leave
anything for the
goblins to take.

Two days hence...
On the Eve of the
Solstice Festival: All is
prepared for my greatest
bacchanal ever.

On the morning of the
Solstice Festival:
Beatrix, soon we will be
reunited and part never
again. This Solstice
Festival will be recorded
in the annals of the
Kingdom of The White
Dragon. It is to be
the greatest feast
ever! Let us all
rejoice in one night of
revelry! After the
midnight reveals and
before the end of the
night, a new dawn
will rise...